

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, May, 16, 1899. Terms of \$1.00 PER YEAR. No. 43.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeal.
Deputy Sheriff, C. D. Arbaugh.
Clerk of Or. & Co. Court, J. J. Reed.
Assessor, C. E. Reed, Pres.
Com. Co. Cl., S. B. Harsh.
C. P. Moore.
Com. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

County Court convenes on the 3rd Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
Circuit Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is jury term.

C. F. MOORE.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER.

Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE.

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE.

Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

J. J. ANDYER.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties.

L. E. WYBATH.

Attorney-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

E. R. P. PATTERSON.

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

THE STERLING CO.



THE STERLING PIANOS.
Quality of tone, beauty of design, finish and construction for every style in vogue from the latest.
Every Piano Guaranteed for Five Years.
STERLING CO. 123
Factories, Derby, Conn.

THE FAN PASTURE.

There are water-cress, and bridle and shade.
And brownie and female Kate—
Through I can to mind her,
Nowhere can I find her.
And now it is growing late.
Over the meadows and through the shadows,
I have sought her long and well—
At last I have found her,
Till grasses around her,
Led by the sound of the bell.
She had gone astray, and had lost her way.

In the clover blossoms white,
The cool, sweet clover,
Tempted her over
To the pasture far, tonight.
I tenderly led her, through valley and meadow,
To lead and not drive, seemed but right.
Till the sweet rank clover,
That tempted her over
And who of us always does right?

And the strongest feeling is over me
Tearing,
And seems through the shadows to come.
As beneath the wide bark,
And the silver stars,
"Bonnie Kate" and I go home.

The damp dew is falling,
And voices are calling,
I too have strayed off from the right—
And the sweet rank clover, has tempted me over,
But oh! will he blame me, or seek to reclaim me?
If I call to him now, will he come?
And over the meadows, and
Through all the shadows,
Lead the poor wanderer home?
—M. E. NOBLE.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

The small but thriving and enterprising town of Seedville, in the State of Ohio, was plentifully posted with bills bearing the above title, lavishly printed in all the hues of the rainbow. How the manager of the Seedville Academy of Music ever succeeded in securing so great a number of the dramatic firmament as Charles Cheriton was a matter of much speculation and wonder to all but Seedville citizens; but then Seedville always was smart for a small place and managed to keep abreast of the great cities of the country in everything, from natural gas to natural actors. And if the lively high-class entertainment for the day-givers of Seedville, the said play-givers were not mean enough to pass by the opportunity with an appreciative indifference. They read the show-bills, bought their tickets and on every evening thronged the seats of the really pretty theatre.

The piece was what technically known as a high-class comedy; but it was a comedy in which was displayed a good deal of the tragedy of mental suffering, of misunderstanding, of cross purposes and bitterness of heart; though, from the fact that all the pain and sorrow was finally turned into gladness and joy through the instrumentality of a little child, was termed it a comedy.

The drama gave the principal actor, Charles Cheriton, a fine opportunity for displaying his power of acting, and many a time had this man moved great audiences almost to tears in his representations of the deep passions of human nature.

On the particular evening which concerns our story, Cheriton was at his best. With the rare modulations of his deep, far-reaching voice, with his expressive features and postulations he swayed the feelings of the throng before him as the unseen winds bend the topmost boughs of the forest trees.

Toward the end of the second act the large audience noticed that the actor did not do his part justice, and during the rest of the evening did not do his usual standard of excellence. No one knew the cause, for, in the intervals between acts, the

the play, an one had perceived a little was baby figure steal quietly down the extreme left side of the balcony. No one but Cheriton. He was in the midst of his delivery of some most pathetic lines and his eyes were raised upward, so that they rested precisely on the balcony aisle to the left of the stage. He saw the tiny but graceful form of a child—a little girl—not five years old, clad in a quaint, but rich and dainty, dress of black velvet with ruffled sleeves and white lace edging at the wrists and neck; he noticed the broad-brimmed hat trimmed with a narrow but exquisite wreath of simple meadow daisies and above all he beheld, beneath the hat, the cluster of sunny, golden hair and the clear blue eyes of the childish, angel face.

The baby, with baby grace and abandon, stole softly down to the balcony rail, upon which she rested her little arms, and with her chin nestled in her dimpled hands (like one of Raphael's cherubs) silently watched the play. Cheriton felt absolutely certain that the baby was the child of—well, a woman he once knew. He was positive of it, and would have backed his opinion with every thing he possessed.

He was no longer in the Seedville Academy of Music. Mechanically he proceeded with his part in the performance, but he saw none of the people before him, save the baby—and even the baby only served to remind him of another face, long since lost to him—while his thoughts and memory were afar off in a city of the sunny South.

He remembered how in the City of Mexico, exactly six years before, he had loved with a mad and irritable passion just such a fair sweet face as was the baby's in the balcony; he recollected the faultless form, the natural grace of movement and the bewitching smile; he called to mind the sunny hair and the quaint drosses of velvet and old lace—yes, it all came back to him with the baby leaning there over the balcony rail. How he tried to forget it all, on the stage and off! How he had sought to bury it far out of his sight and memory! He had traveled East, West and North (never South) only at last to find the past as fresh as ever, in the little theatre of quiet Seedville.

Naught saw he of the footlights or the orchestra, of the stage or the house—he was away on a vine-covered veranda in the outskirts of the City of Mexico. He was telling a fair young girl of his love and adoration, and ringing in his ears was her cold, hard reply: "It is impossible, to-morrow I am to be married."

The second act of the play came to an end. When the curtain rose for the third and last act, the baby had disappeared.

The performance was almost concluded when through that terror-stricken assemblage rang the alarm of "Fire!"

Around from his reverie and dreams of the past Cheriton became aware that smoke was issuing from the left wings. He was quickly alive to the situation, and stepping to the edge of the stage, in a loud and commanding voice he directed the movements of the frightened men, women and children.

The fire quickly gained on the building, and before the eye-fire engine of Seedville could get to work the theatre was doomed.

Cheriton was one of the last to leave the stage, and when he did so the danger to the audience was over, for all had reached the street.

When the alarm of fire was given Cheriton was attired for the play as a laboring man, without coat and vest; so dressed he appeared on the street.

Standing with the crowd watching the flames was a beautiful woman, perhaps twenty-five or twenty-six years old. As Cheriton emerged from the building he was cheered by the crowd, and casting his eyes (from force of habit acquired on the stage) along the throng of faces, it rested on this woman.

He was seized with an inspiration, and rushing hastily to her, he grasped her arm tightly and almost rudely.

"Where you in the theatre to night?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"No; with my mother."

"No one else—positively, no one else?"

"No one."

"Ah," thought Cheriton, as he hastened away, the child was left at home and, doubtless, knowing where her mother had gone, followed her to the theatre."

By this time the fire was all over the house and the auditorium was filled with a dense mass of smoke. But heedless of the scorching heat, the blinding and suffocating smoke, and deaf to the warning cries of the firemen, Charles Cheriton rushed into the ill-fated building. He made his way to the left side of the balcony which was standing yet, and there, near the railing fast asleep or dead, he found the fair haired baby girl. He grabbed a chair which some one had left in the hurry to escape, and dashed again through the smoke and flames emerged once more on to the street.

A loud hurrah and deafening hand clapping greeted him, but he walked straight to the lady whom he had before addressed.

"Here is your little girl, madam. I looked her in the balcony this evening. Do not be afraid; I just felt her move and heard her try to speak. If you will show me your house I will carry her home for you." The lady was too much affected to speak. Silently they walked a short distance until they reached a pleasant home not far from the theatre.

When they entered the parlor the mother took her child and mentioned Cheriton a seat.

In a few minutes the lady returned.

"My baby is not hurt at all, and is now sleeping as if nothing had happened. Mr. Cheriton, how can I thank you?"

"I am thanked sufficiently already," he replied.

Then there was silence. It was a strange meeting; the actor in his stage costume, his sleeves rolled up, his hair and mustache singed, and his face blackened by the smoke, while near him sat a beautiful woman scarce able to restrain her tears.

He waited until she regained some composure, and then he rose as if to go.

"Good-bye," he said. "I am glad to have been able to give you your little girl. I suppose you have nothing more to say to me, so good-bye." He held out his hand as he spoke and she took it in both of hers.

"Yes, I have something more to say, and I will say it whatever you think of me for doing so."

"Listen. Six years ago you thought me heartless and cruel because I told you that it was impossible to marry you, though you thought I had given you to under-

stand that I loved you. Well, I did love you. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say it but I did love you. The man I married—the father of my little girl—died before the baby was born. He was a good man, a good husband, but I did not love him. I loved you all the time, and sacrificed love and happiness for what I thought to be duty. Charles, I love you still; you have saved my little girl—will you save me? Save me from a lonely, unhappy future and from all the misery of better memories? Will you, Charles?"

Well, every thing had seemed very strange to Charles. Cheriton that New Year's Eve—the place, the baby, the fire, the meeting—let somehow it did not seem at all strange when he passed his large bare and blackened arm around the slender waist, while the well-rounded head with its fair ringlets rested upon the smoke begrimed shirt which covered his broad shoulders. And he thought of the title of his play—"A little child shall lead them."

Beware of Disasters for Catarrh that entails Mercury.

As Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely change the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reliable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., contains no mercury and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine, it is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Two gentlemen were walking on F street yesterday when one said: "Let's cross the street. There comes a man to whom I owe some money, and I don't want to meet him."

"Does he owe you?"

"No; that's the worst of it. He never speaks of it."

After they had crossed over the dealer walked on some distance in thoughtful silence. Then he said, seriously:

"I wish that man would get mad about it and go at me with a club. I can't pay him the money, and I wish he would throw one like forty and settle the matter so that I wouldn't ever be afraid again to meet him."

There is a bit of good, clean human nature in that reflection.

The minister was dining with the family, and Robby thus spoke out: "Ma, what's an adjective?"

His mother explained the meaning of the word, and then Robby asked him why he wanted to know.

"Because I heard you say that the sermon this morning was a dayvillish poor one; and when I asked to tell me what 'dayvillish' was he said it was an adjective."

"Strange—Where is the county seat?"

KARMA (an "dark, funnel-shaped cloud" approaches)—"Oh, it's here if that cyclone goes blanching-wise toward Housatonic. If it don't the location for the county seat is liable to be made indelible as' permanent as, to speak."

A well-known scientific astronomer that he is about to write a book which shall go a long way towards bridging the psychical distance which separates the gulf between the gentleman. He has set himself a hard task. But he submits to the word "monkey"; he "ignores" and "disobeys" for "gentleman" he would be sure of success.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 yr.
One inch	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$3.50	\$5.00
Three in.	3.00	6.00	10.50	15.00
One column	5.00	10.00	17.50	25.00
Half column	2.50	5.00	8.75	12.50
One column	10.00	20.00	35.00	50.00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.25; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

May 16 1889.

The town of Stanford, Kan., was wiped out by a cyclone last week.

There is going on in Richmond, Va., a tremendous religious upheaval among the negroes.

Two young men in Summerset, Pa., hanged their father to get their inheritance.

Was it the Harrison family or the republican party that was elected last November.

All the records smashed. The City of Paris crosses the ocean in 5 days 23 hours and 7 minutes.

The State claims 50,000 population for Richmond, with a suburban population of 25,000 more.

THE Parkersburg Journal seems to think that the prospects for the "Black Diamond" railroad are more encouraging.

Had it been Cleveland, it would have been tariff reduction—as it is, Harrison and wage reduction, remarks an observant exchange.

Carter B. Harrison, who was last week appointed marshal of the mid district of Tennessee, is a brother of the President.

Mrs. Louisa Sully, of Staunton, is dead. It was just about four weeks after the death of her lamented husband, Judge Sully.

The only woman ever convicted of horse stealing in Missouri was a beautiful girl of 18 years, on May 7. The jury gave her two years.

It is said that they have had to put folding beds into the White House to accommodate the numerous branches of the presidential family.—Ex.

Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, is to address the literary societies of the University of Virginia at their final celebration on the 25th of June.

It is intimated the President will spend a portion of the heated term in the mountains of West Virginia, near Davis, on the new West Virginia Central Railroad.

It is contended by republicans as well as democrats that the best all round speech at the New York centennial was delivered by ex-President Cleveland in response to the toast, "Our country."

Frank W. Palmer, of Illinois, has been appointed Public Printer. The newspapers officers along the rail-ways leading out of Washington will now prepare for a deluge of tramp printers.—Ex.

Where is the increase in the price of wheat that the republicans mutters said you want so positively last fall if a republican President was elected? In fact where is anything true that they told you?

ELEVEN fourth class postmasters were re-elected in Pocahontas county last week. Clarkson is getting in his work pretty fast.—Harrison Democrat.

Mr. Democrat we haven't heard of them as yet.

There are five banks and six newspapers and an average daily sale of fifty dollars worth of postage stamps in Clatskanie, Oregon, a town which did not exist prior to April 22nd. In a few days more we may expect to hear it boasting, with the rest of its occidental contemporaries of "the finest opera house west of the Mississippi."

Where is the protection to American labor that you republicans talk about? We don't know where it is! but there is one thing we do know, that there are thousands of working men, working for whatever compensation they can get, and thousands upon thousands who are out of employment altogether, and have large families in a starving condition.

West Virginia is talking a phenomenal boom. More miles of railroad will be constructed during the present year than in any other one year in her history, and she is a Democratic state, too. Our Republican friends who are continually howling about old fogies and moon-bucks and claiming that nothing but a Republican administration can attract capital into a state, should make a note of this.—Charleston Daily Star.

Rather a funny little episode happened near Philippi last week. A young man went to the clerk of the court and obtained a permit to wed a young lady. On his way home he called at the residence of another young lady, to whom he had been paying some attention, and exhibited to her his license to wed her rival. She, with rather more spirit than her sex usually possesses, getting the paper into her possession, very deliberately proceeded to tear it to pieces, and consign it to the flames, and the young man was compelled to postpone the wedding to another day.—Nicholas Chronicle.

The New York World sees in Mr. Cleveland's conduct, since his retirement from the Presidency, many evidences that he again aspires to become his party's leader in the next National struggle. It sees in Mr. Harrison's disregard of the civil service, and the consequent disgust of the mugwump element with the President, an opportunity for Mr. Cleveland. It says: "If Mr. Cleveland can and will make himself the exponent and champion of the real ideas and true principals of Reform—reform in politics, reform in administration, reform in legislation, reform in justice—his nomination would be quite possible, and he would have a vigorous supporter in the World."

Is it possible that the World is beginning to arrive at the light at last? It lists a number of reforms which it would have Mr. Cleveland to make himself the champion and exponent of, on condition of its vigorous support. It will could Mr. Cleveland say to this proposition: "All these things have I kept from my youth up." The World knows that it is setting no pattern for Mr. Cleveland. He walked the reformer's path all through his administration, and bore his defeat. No man could have done more than he in the way of the reformer's path—because no man was ever more honest, or braver than he. The open opposition of the World to Mr. Cleveland began the very hour of his inauguration, and was fierce, relentless and unjust from that day till now. We are glad to see it ready to acknowledge at last that the man to lead the Democracy to victory in 1892 is Grover Cleveland.—Kansas City Chronicle.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondents.

WASHINGTON, May 16th.—Harrison made the best appointment he has yet made when he selected Ex-Gov. Thompson, of South Carolina, as the democratic member of the Civil Service Commission. Gov. Thompson was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Cleveland's administration, and was during the last days of Congress appointed by Mr. Cleveland to the same position he has just received from a Republican President, but the Senate did not set on his nomination.

There is a sweeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth among the little crowd of late applicants for the position of Public Printer, five of whom are understood to have made a combination, each promising to give the other four appointments in the office if made Public Printer, over the fact that the coveted prize has gone to Ex-Congressman Frank W. Palmer, formerly postmaster at Chicago. Neither Harrison suspected the "combine" which these applicants had entered into I can not say, but it is known that some days ago he told a gentleman that he should not appoint any of the applicants up to that time and asked him to name a good man for the office. Palmer was named, and after further investigation the office was tendered to him, and he accepted it. When the appointment was made public it was really amusing to see the members of the "combine" chasing around trying to find somebody to introduce them to the new Public Printer so they could get in their applications for the "fat" positions under him. It is thought that one of these men, Donahoe, nominally of Pennsylvania, really of the District of Columbia, may lose his mind so great a shock has the disappointment been at not being made Public Printer. He was so certain that he was to get the appointment that he had already given away several of the most important places in the Government Printing office.

It is evidently the purpose of the republican politicians to make the census bureau an asylum for their political proteges. The Interior Department has decided that the appointments in this bureau will have next year when it gets regularly to work, over 1500 clerks, besides an army of special agents, and the most of these will be kept for two years or longer. It will be a great convenience to prominent republicans to use these positions to pay off their political debts, and if the appointments were made under civil service rules that would be impossible.

The first of the fifteen contested election cases which are to come before the Fifty-first Congress was opened by the Clerk of the House this week. It was Calmer vs. Morgan, of the second Mississippi District.

Harrison having provided a snug place for his brother is now, so it is said, about to appoint Blaine's brother to one of the most lucrative local offices in Washington Register of Wills.

The new Secretary of Agriculture in order to prove his familiarity with farming implements, and maybe to get solid with the farmers of the country, put in a half hour counting grass with a scythe in the grounds surrounding his department, one day this week. Of course he was entirely ignorant of the fact that several newspaper men had their eyes on him during the entire performance.

Republicans are already beginning to compare Harrison with Hays and Arthur, they say that he is timid almost to the extent of cowardice.

It is said that the Post office Department is appointing clerks in

the Railway Mail Service and, during their appointments in April in order to avoid competition with civil service rules under which all such appointments should have been made since May.

Senator Gorman thinks that Calvin S. Brice will be elected chairman of the National democratic committee to succeed the late ex-Senator Barnum. This is taken here to mean that Senator Gorman will not accept the position.

Theodore Roosevelt of N. Y., who has just been appointed as one of the republicans Civil Service Commissioners, is a pronounced free trader. Funny isn't it, that a man elected President solely because he was a rigid protectionist should give such a prominent appointment to a free trader.

The newspaper man's luck has not yet deserted him. The new Public Printer is a member of the fraternity.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail coach leaves Frankfort for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankfort every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.

JOEL FLACK, Carrier.

SHOEMAKER'S SHOP
Huntersville, W. Va.
I am prepared to make to the best style and order: Boots and shoes of all kinds, also repairs to boots and shoes at 8 a. m. J. C. Thompson.

PUBLIC SALE!

I will proceed to sell at public auction Friday 17th commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., all of the Household and Kitchen furniture and Farming Utensils, belonging to Frank Chapman, on Beaver Creek. TERMS, cash in hand. M. W. BEARD.

WOOL! WOOL!

We want to buy 10,000 lbs. of wool for which we will pay part cash. It will pay you to see us before you sell. Very Respectfully, Herold & Moore, Forest W. Va.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any purgative known to me."
J. C. ANDERSON, M. D.
211 St. Charles St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria, comes in Cakes, Compound, Syrup, (Germans), Compound, and Syrup, and is sold in all drug stores and general stores. Beware of cheap imitations.
This Castoria Company, 17 Murray Street, N. Y.

If you need a mower or reaper you will do well to communicate with the undersigned, who is agent for the celebrated

WALTER A. WOOD MACHINES.

All inquiries as to terms etc. will receive prompt attention.

Address,
L. B. MOORE.
Sunset, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

GEO. + W. + WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for. Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,
GEO. W. WAGNER.

ANNOUNCEMENT

TO THE VOTERS OF THE COUNTY OF PULASKI, MISSISSIPPI.

THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.

HOME NEWS

—Sleep Shores is over.

—Corn planting is over.

—Here new members this week.

—A special term of the County Court met last Tuesday.

—What's the matter with the court, folks, this week.

—Geo. B. Sigle, of Green Bank, was in the city Tuesday.

—Rais and squashes make grass grow.

—Charley Arbogast was in town Tuesday.

—Sheriff McNeel was in Huntsville Tuesday.

—L. W. Heyd, of Frost was in Huntsville Tuesday.

—Lots of new subscribers this week. Let more come.

—E. A. Gibson, of Ripley, Mo., is in town.

—Capt. Stoffer, who has been on ER for some time has returned.

—Capt. Jenkins, of Charleston was in town last week.

—A. F. Wickline, of Monroe Co., was in our city last Thursday.

—H. Dever, of Knapp's

was at this place Tuesday.

Go to Harold & Moore's, of W. Va., for your dry goods and notions. Best styles and lowest prices.

The State Press Association of this State meets at Millburg, on the 10th of June.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self-Binders, the best machines ever made of John Warrs & Co., Frankford, W. Va. May 9 123

—O. E. Hoge, of Christiansburg, Va., was at this place the first of the week.

Call on examine our stock of quinine, we can suit you in both quality and price. Harold & Moore, Frank, W. Va.

John Warrs & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. May 9 123

—Messrs. E. H. Moore, Joe. McNeel and R. M. Beard, of Academy, were in to see us Tuesday. Mr. Beard was driving a fine pair of match bay mares.

—Sheriff McNeel and C. E. Beard, brought out Perry Townsend to jail last Tuesday, on a capias for non-payment of fines &c., made at the last term of the Court.

—The Greenbrier Independent says that Mr. John Ferguson, of Lewisburg, died at his home, on Thursday last, the 23d inst., in his 74th year.

—Don't forget that next Tuesday 21st is school election day. Come to the polls and vote for Mr. T. G. Matthews, for County Superintendent; he is the only candidate in the field.

—Harold & Moore, Frank, W. Va., have just returned from the east, and are now receiving the finest, best and most complete stock of goods they have ever offered the public, which will be sold low down for cash or good produce.

—Messrs. R. C. McCallough, Geo. Grant and C. A. Church, were in this vicinity a part of last week looking after incentives for a branch railroad from the C. & O. from the White Sulphur to this place.

—Don't forget the poor editor when you have a news item, says an eastern exchange. If your wife likes you, let us know it, and we will set it all right before the public. If you have a company, tell us if you are not ashamed of your visitors. If a youngster arrives at your house begging for raiment, buy a lot of cigars and come around, and, if you are a cash subscriber, we will find a name for him or her as the circumstances will permit. And if you have a social gathering of a few of your friends, bring around a life cake, seven or eight pies and a ham not necessarily to eat, but as a guarantee of good faith. You needn't bother about inviting us, for our wardrobe isn't suitable for the occasion. We mention these things because we want the news, and we are bound to have it.

—L. B. Best.

The faithful old dog belonging to Capt. Stoffer, passed beyond this world at 10 o'clock a few days ago. She was 22 years old, and has long been the friend of our town, and her death will be regretted by those who depended on her, when they wanted to rule a short distance.

—Miss F. Post.

Five weeks for planting corn and making gardens. With Mrs. McNeel and M. F. Goss left last Thursday for Raleigh Co.

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John Warrs & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. May 9 123

—Messrs. E. H. Moore, Joe. McNeel and R. M. Beard, of Academy, were in to see us Tuesday. Mr. Beard was driving a fine pair of match bay mares.

—Sheriff McNeel and C. E. Beard, brought out Perry Townsend to jail last Tuesday, on a capias for non-payment of fines &c., made at the last term of the Court.

—The Greenbrier Independent says that Mr. John Ferguson, of Lewisburg, died at his home, on Thursday last, the 23d inst., in his 74th year.

—Don't forget that next Tuesday 21st is school election day. Come to the polls and vote for Mr. T. G. Matthews, for County Superintendent; he is the only candidate in the field.

—Harold & Moore, Frank, W. Va., have just returned from the east, and are now receiving the finest, best and most complete stock of goods they have ever offered the public, which will be sold low down for cash or good produce.

—Messrs. R. C. McCallough, Geo. Grant and C. A. Church, were in this vicinity a part of last week looking after incentives for a branch railroad from the C. & O. from the White Sulphur to this place.

—Don't forget the poor editor when you have a news item, says an eastern exchange. If your wife likes you, let us know it, and we will set it all right before the public. If you have a company, tell us if you are not ashamed of your visitors. If a youngster arrives at your house begging for raiment, buy a lot of cigars and come around, and, if you are a cash subscriber, we will find a name for him or her as the circumstances will permit. And if you have a social gathering of a few of your friends, bring around a life cake, seven or eight pies and a ham not necessarily to eat, but as a guarantee of good faith. You needn't bother about inviting us, for our wardrobe isn't suitable for the occasion. We mention these things because we want the news, and we are bound to have it.

—L. B. Best.

The faithful old dog belonging to Capt. Stoffer, passed beyond this world at 10 o'clock a few days ago. She was 22 years old, and has long been the friend of our town, and her death will be regretted by those who depended on her, when they wanted to rule a short distance.

—Miss F. Post.

Five weeks for planting corn and making gardens. With Mrs. McNeel and M. F. Goss left last Thursday for Raleigh Co.

—The First Publication of Little Rock and Friends Academy will take place Thursday and Friday morning, May 23rd and 24th.

—The first publication of Little Rock and Friends Academy will take place Thursday and Friday morning, May 23rd and 24th.

Orders of Publication.

No. 1.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pulaski County, West Virginia, on the 1st Monday in May, 1900.

Chas. L. Austin & Co. In city, No. 1.

Wm. F. Arbogast & Co. In city, No. 1.

No. 2.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pulaski County, West Virginia, on the 1st Monday in May, 1900.

Wm. F. Arbogast & Co. In city, No. 2.

No. 3.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pulaski County, West Virginia, on the 1st Monday in May, 1900.

Chas. L. Austin & Co. In city, No. 3.

Wm. F. Arbogast & Co. In city, No. 3.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pulaski County, West Virginia, on the 1st Monday in May, 1900.

George C. Hill & Co. In city, No. 1.

Wm. F. Arbogast & Co. In city, No. 1.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pulaski County, West Virginia, on the 1st Monday in May, 1900.

Chas. L. Austin & Co. In city, No. 1.

Wm. F. Arbogast & Co. In city, No. 1.

PRIVATE SALE OF LAND.

I wish to sell at private sale, 100 acres of land lying within one half mile of the town of Charleston, in the county of Kanawha, West Virginia. I will sell at low price. I will remain in the country two weeks, in the vicinity of Little Rock and Friends Academy, after that date.

Address, Jas. E. A. Gipe, Raleigh, Va.

CARPET SWEEPER.

GOOD PLUMB.

PATENTS.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pulaski County, West Virginia, on the 1st Monday in May, 1900.

Wm. F. Arbogast & Co. In city, No. 1.

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Wm. F. Arbogast & Co. In city, No. 2.

No. 3.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pulaski County, West Virginia, on the 1st Monday in May, 1900.

Chas. L. Austin & Co. In city, No. 3.

Wm. F. Arbogast & Co. In city, No. 3.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pulaski County, West Virginia, on the 1st Monday in May, 1900.

Chas. L. Austin & Co. In city, No. 1.

Wm. F. Arbogast & Co. In city, No. 1.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, May, 23, 1889. Terms: \$1.50 PER YEAR. Subscription, IN ADVANCE. No. 44.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeil.
Deputy Sheriff, C. O. Arbogast.
Q. J. of C. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Recorder, C. O. Arbogast.
Com. of C. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
S. B. Hannan.
G. P. Moore.
Gen. Barker.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

H. A. RUCKER.

Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. ARBUCKLE.

Attorney-at-Law.

Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.

W. L. KEE.

Atty.-at-Law.

Beverly, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

J. SNYDER.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

R. K. WYBROUTH.

REKIDT DENTIST.

Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. R. P. PATTERSON.

Physician & Surgeon.

Huntersville, W. Va.

THE STERLING CO.

Manufacturers of

THE STERLING PIANO.

Quarter of Tone, Twenty of Tones, Full and complete in every respect, and in every way the best in the world.

Every Piano Warranted for Five Years.

and will be replaced by a new one of the same quality if it should become defective.

STERLING ORGAN.

Factories, Derby, Conn.

BUCKLEY MY.

For THE TIMES.

Those mountains cross the river.

No lonely look and dark.

No human sound, no human step.

I ever see or seek.

The shadows come, the seasons go.

'Tis snow flakes gently fall.

The trees take on their fresh green leaves.

But still 'tis silence all!

If I could see a child at play.

Or sturdy manhood's walk.

Something to break the loneliness.

Something with which to talk.

I gaze until the topmost pines

Grow darker down at me.

And summon to my wanted task.

'Tis but the sky may be.

If random reign, or galaxy.

If friends are stern or kind.

Duty, the bright and guiding star.

United God's rest we find.

MRS. ANNA L. PRIOR.

Marion, W. Va., May 1889.

In the Throat of a Bear.

BY COL. EDWARD E. TAYLOR.

"I could never look upon one of

those writings, many things with

out a shudder," said my friend, Col.

Paul Ballantyne, as we three

(this pretty South American wife

was of the party) stood in front of

the box constrictor's cage in the

serpent-house at the Philadelphia

Zoological Garden.

"And yet, dear," interposed Mrs.

Ballantyne—and she laid her hand

lovingly upon her husband's arm

and looked into his handsome

face with a wealth of love glowing

in her lustrous brown eyes—"if

it had not been for the serpent you

would probably never have met me.

But perhaps you regret that?" she

asked, with a pretty pout.

"Ah, that was the recompense!"

said the Colonel, and he eyed her

fondly. "But for that, I think I

could never have summoned up

fortitude enough to again look upon

one of the monsters. As it is I

cannot regret the shudder, and in

fact I feel myself again being suck-

led down to death."

"You had an adventure, Colonel?"

I ventured.

"Adventure!" he echoed. "Well,

I should say so. The most horrible

man ever experienced. But you

dine with us to-day, and then I'll

tell you the story."

He did, and gave me permission

to print it, which I have done with

out material alteration and with the

substitution of fictitious names for

the real actors, who will doubtless

read and recognize this history.

Three years ago my friend was

sent to Venezuela, as the agent of

a firm of mahogany importers, who

had purchased some valuable for-

estry concessions in that country.

The lumber tract lay along the

banks of one of the bayous of the

Orinoco River, about one hundred

and fifty miles above the Isle of

Barracas.

The Colonel examined the tract

selected a site for a logging camp,

and proceeded to La Guayra, pur-

chased supplies, and engaged a na-

tive Venezuelan, named Guzman

Mendez, to superintend the log-

ging.

Indian laborers to fell the trees

could be engaged in any quantity

in the vicinity of the mahogany for-

est.

Mendez was a slightly built, ear-

ly-faced fellow, with an ungovern-

able temper, to which he gave way

at the slightest provocation. He

was accompanied by an Indian ser-

vant, named Jose, who was much

attached to his master.

Colonel Ballantyne had several

woolly quipos with his furlman, on

the way up the river, and he began

to regret having engaged so uncon-

scionable an assistant, but Men-

dez so thoroughly understood his work,

and soon outwitted his employer

that he was worth more than the

liberal salary that was paid him.

The camp was established, a corps

of native axe men engaged and pre-

parations were made to get to-

gether the material for a big ma-

hogany raft, which would be floated

down to the mouth of the bayou,

where the precious wood would be

loaded in vessels sent out by the

firm which employed the Colonel.

Accompanied by Jose, who was

familiar with woodcraft, the Colon-

el made daily excursions into the

forest in all directions, to locate and

mark the trees.

The tract proved to be a rich one.

Mahogany trees were there by the

thousand, and the forest was inter-

sected by creeks in all directions,

along which timber might readily

be floated to the bayou, and thence

to the river.

They had been in camp about a

week, and the work was progress-

ing satisfactorily, when Mendoza,

who had heretofore been kept too

busy to quarrel, got into a dispute

with his employer, and had it not

been for the interference of some

of the Indian workmen, one would

have shot the other, for both men

drew their pistols.

After they had both had time

to cool down, the Colonel, who is nat-

urally the most forgiving disposi-

tion, apologized to his antagonist,

and requested that the matter be

forgotten.

He held out his hand in token of

quity, but Mendoza, with a shrug

of his shoulders, and a contortion

of his dark face, turned on his heel

and walked away.

That night he and Jose held a

long conversation, which was car-

ried on in a low tone of voice, but

although they looked frequently to-

ward the Colonel and exchanged

significant glances, he did not dream

that they were plotting treachery.

The next morning the Colonel

and Jose started, as usual, for a

short expedition in the forest.

It was a feast day with the In-

dians, and they were making merry

in the camp.

Jose carried a small hatchet for

marking the trees, and over his

shoulder was slung a haversack,

containing lunch.

The Colonel walked in advance,

armed only with a small rifle.

By noon they were ten miles

from the camp, and further down

the bayou than they had ever been

before.

When they stopped for luncheon

near a small spring, Jose informed

his patron that they were only a few

miles distant from the extensive

coffee and indigo plantation of Gen-

eral Antonio De Silva, who control-

led leagues of forest land in the vi-

cinity, and from whom the Ameri-

can mahogany merchants had pur-

chased the logging right.

After lunch the Colonel lighted

his pipe, and leaned his back

against a great tree-trunk to enjoy

an after-dinner smoke.

Near by was a clump of low bush-

es, bearing a yellowish berry and he

said Jose if they were good to eat.

Jose examined them, and imme-

diately declared that they were ex-

cellent.

"I have often eaten them down

toward the coast, senior," he said,

"but I have never seen any before

so far in the interior."

He tasted the berries, pronounced

them delicious, but somewhat diffi-

cult in flavor from those growing

near the coast, and picked some for

the Colonel, of which the latter ate

liberally, without any suspicion of

evil effects. Indeed, then, as Jose

had declared of a most delicious

berry, and in taste something like the

raspberry.

He did notice that Jose ate only

a couple, nor did he see the look of

morning exultation on the Indian's

face.

Ten minutes after eating the first

berry, the Colonel felt strangely ex-

hilarated, and burst out into a rol-

licky college song with the boister-

ous hilarity of one intoxicated with

absinthe.

His whole nervous system, even

to his finger tips, tingled with pleas-

ing excitement. He had a vague

recollection of making a resolve to

check his indignant outburst; of

seeing Jose glide away into the for-

est with his rifle over his shoulder,

and a look of malignant hatred on

his warlike face; of struggling to

his feet and calling to the Indian to

come back, and then he rolled upon

the ground and all became blank.

Not until the following day did

consciousness begin to slowly assert

itself. He then awoke, with a hor-

rible sensation of helplessness.

The lower half of his body was

numbed and paralyzed by a terri-

ble gradually constricting power

from all directions.

His limbs appeared dead, and all

the blood forced out of them into

the upper part of his body. His

eyes seemed starting from their

sockets; there was a stinging in his

ears, and he breathed with great

difficulty.

His throat was hot and dry, and

he was consumed with a raging

thirst.

He was lying face downward, and

having determined to throw off the

stupor, he raised his hands to his

head.

Instantly he was dragged back-

ward several feet along the ground.

Horried and bewildered, he made

frantic effort, raised himself on

his elbows and looked about him.

He was half engulfed in the throat

of a monster box-constrictor!

The reptile